

THE
Death-Bed Display'd :

N^o 1
WITH THE 12 Pamph^{ts} &c
STATE of the DEAD.

A SACRED
POEM.

^K
By Mr. UVEDALE.

*Draw near, fond Man, and dress Thee by this Glass ;
Mark how thy Pride, and haughty Looks must pass
Into Corruption, Rottenness, and Dust ;
The frail Supporters which betray'd thy Trust.
O weigh in time thy last and loathsom State !
To purchase Heav'n for Tears, is no hard Rate.*

Vaughan's MAN IN DARKNESS.

WESTMINSTER :

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THE
STATUTE OF THE DEATH

AS PASSED
BY THE COMMONS

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED
THE SEVENTH YEAR OF THE REIGN OF
HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE THIRD



Printed by A. MILLAR, at the Theatre Royal, in Pall Mall.
1780.



TO THE

Right Reverend Father in GOD,

CHARLES

Lord Bishop of *DROMORE*.

MY LORD,



VER since Your Advancement to the
EPISCOPAL Dignity, I have impa-
tiently waited for an Opportunity of
paying You my Respects, and publick
Acknowledgment of Favours receiv'd at Your
Hands, in a *DEDICATORY* Way ; and

IV DEDICATION.

taking this to be the fairest, and with regard to my congratulating Your LORDSHIP on Your late Translation to the SEE of *DROMORE*, the most seasonable that could have happen'd to me, 'tis with all the Pleasure imaginable that I embrace it.

AS the following ESSAY, grounded on a Passage in *Doctor Taylor's Holy Dying*, and adapted, in some Measure, to promote Virtue and discourage Vice, is a sort of a POETICAL Sermon; to have address'd it to Any one but a PRESIDENT of RELIGION, would have been highly improper: And where could I have fix'd on a more suitable PATRON than Your LORDSHIP? who, by the Devoting of Your self to the SACRED MINISTRY, at an Age seldom inclin'd to make such a serious Resolution, gave an early Proof of Your Piety and Zeal for GOD's Service; and whose Life is a Transcript of all those

CHRISTIAN

DEDICATION.

CHRISTIAN Graces which so eminently adorn'd the FATHERS of the PRIMITIVE Church, and fitly qualifies You for the STATION in which DIVINE Providence has placed You.

A NOTHER Motive, MY LORD, and that a very powerful One, and which strongly inclin'd me to, and determin'd me in this Choice, was my long Experience of Your affable and obliging Temper; and a Conscioufness that the numberless Imperfections, with which the ensuing Sheets abound, required an Extraordinary Fund of HUMANITY and INDULGENCE to excuse and over-look 'em. And here I could enumerate several other amiable Qualities which enrich Your Mind, and gain Your LORDSHIP the Love and Esteem of all those who have the Happiness of being known to, or conversing with You; were I not afraid of offending Your great Modesty,
by

DEDICATION.

by a Recital of 'em : Behold then, to what an inevitable Necessity this respectful Restraint has reduc'd me? Either of not doing Justice to Your Merit, or of displeasing You, by attempting to set it in its true and proper Light.

TO avoid treading in the Steps, and following the pernicious Examples of a great Part of the POETIC Tribe, who have prostituted their ART to the vilest Uses, and whose Writings seem only design'd to propagate ATHEISM and IMMORALITY to latest Posterity ; I have chosen a Subject to write on, which, how disagreeable soever it may be to the Airy Humour of the present Age, is, in its own Nature, grave, useful, and important : And, on that Account, I flatter my self, not below the PATRONAGE of the MITRE. 'Twas that Consideration only that first embolden'd me to solicit Your LORDSHIP for Leave to
prefix



DEATH-BED
DISPLAY'D, &c.
A
SACRED POEM.



FOUND of Applause, let other Poets raise
In lofty Numbers some fam'd Hero's Praise.
Of Courts, of Triumphs, or of War's Alarm
Let Others sing; and with gay Titles charm.

My MUSE, whose Breast celestial Flames inspire,
Disdains for these to tune the sounding Lyre.

B

Beauty,

Beauty and Love, the Meads and purling Streams,
Untouch'd I leave, as low and trivial Themes.

No more shall SUBJECTS frothy, loose, or vain
Which raise impure Ideas in the Brain,
Profane my Verses, or my Paper stain.

Be it henceforward my determin'd Care

To write what's useful, not to please the Ear :

Something which may RELIGIOUS NOTIONS breed,
And serve Mankind, when most they stand in need ;

When NATURE, over-pow'r'd, expiring lies,
Involv'd in Sicknefs and a Cloud of Sighs.

You that in Mirth, and sprightly Strains delight,

And all that's grave and solemn vainly flight,

Forbear to read, here's nothing that can charm

Your airy Fancy ; or your Spirits warm.

No Flights of Wit these serious Pages fill ;
All here is TRUTH'S DIVINE, to move the Will ;
Glorious my Aim is, tho' but weak my Skill.
You therefore that can bear with artless Lines,
In which Instruction, tho' unpolish'd, shines ;
Who own there is a GOD, and do maintain
A Life to come, of endless Joy or Pain ;
Attend with list'ning Ears, and Looks severe,
Bring Thoughts compos'd, and Minds resolv'd to hear,
While I attempt the DEATH-BED to display,
In all its Terrors, Grief, and black Aray.
And shew, from SACRED WRIT, what diff'rent Fate
Waits on THE RIGHTEOUS and THE REPROBATE,
When hence remov'd into the SEPARATE STATE.

Soon as the Sentence of our DEATH's decreed,
And Execution closely does succeed ;
Swift thro' the Air the fierce DESTROYER flies,
And strikes, unseen, and wounds us by Surprise.

Straight the last mournful SCENE of Life begins,
 The wretched PRICE of our first PARENT's Sins.
 How dreadful is it then to see, or bear
 The struggling Soul, when Signs of DEATH appear?
 With what convulsive Pangs, and Throws of Heart
 Does she at last from her lov'd Body part?
 The ghastly Face, of BEAUTY once the Seat,
 Is all besmear'd with a cold clammy Sweat,
 Tenacious, slimy, and in Substance thick,
 Most apt to make it to the Coffin stick.
 Now Stinks and Odours equally delight,
 The Nose grown cold, pinch'd in, and senseless quite.
 And here the fainting SOUL a-pace perceives
 Her Tenement decay, and sadly grieves,
 As towards the Dissolution of the World,
 When in Confusion all things shall be hurl'd;
 The SUN, that glorious LAMP that gilds the Day,
 In Darkness wrapt, no Beams shall then display:

The SILVER MOON, pale EMPRESS of the Night,
 Shall Blood distil, instead of giving Light;
 The GLITT'RING STARS from yon blue Roof shall fall,
 And final Ruin seize, and bury all.
 Impetuous STORMS, and METEORS with their Blaze
 Shall rend the Air, and all Mankind amaze:
 The EARTH shall tremble, and the SEA shall roar,
 And ev'ry Heart with FEAR be cover'd o'er
 So when the LITTLE GLOBE, our mortal Frame,
 Begins to be unhing'd, the Wrack's the same.
 The EYES, which are to us both Sun and Moon,
 By Sickneſs clouded, lose their shining soon.
 Those BEAUTEOUS ORBS, that once had Pow'r to warm,
 Sunk in their Sockets, lose their wonted Charm;
 The other Senses, like the lesser Stars,
 Fall by degrees, and quit their various Spheres.
 REASON and WIT, with all th' EXALTED Train,
 Of SPIRITUAL POW'RS, that rule within the Brain,
 No longer now their EMPIRE can maintain.

Even

EV'n MEMORY, at the last, begins to fail,
 And Storms of Doubts and Fears the Mind assail;
 While, like a boist'rous Sea, the Humours roar
 Within the Body, vex'd with Pains all o'er.
 Deep in the Throat a rattling Noise resounds,
 And with its dismal Sound the Hearing wounds.
 So FLAMES SULPHUREOUS in Mount ÆTNA pent,
 Roar dreadfully within, and heave for Vent.
 Dead Feet, stiff Hands, and inward Groans declare
 The Soul's Departure from the Body near.
 Our Friends lament a-fresh; Physicians shake
 Their thoughtful Heads, and own their great Mistake,
 Vain is their boasted Skill, there's no Relief;
 And darken'd Rooms add Horror to our Grief.
 Here agonizing Pains all o'er begin,
 And tell the Conflict of the Mind within.
 But now the SOUL, Lord of this House of Clay,
 Being from her Out-works driv'n by DEATH away;

Weary

Weary and faint, like just expiring Fires,
To the last Fort (of Life, the H E A R T, retires;
Whither the Foe pursues with armed Force,
And storms, and beats her thence without Remorse.
So when the Time was come, ordain'd by Fate,
The Barb'rous G O T H S destroy'd the R O M A N State;
O'er the whole Man, now Grief consummate reigns,
While the proud Victor D E A T H new Conquests gains:
His whole Artillery here He warmly plies,
Stiches, Obstructions, Cramps, and Agonies.
The Mourners weep again; but 'tis for Fear
More of themselves, than for the Pains we bear.
Now all the Wheels of Life begin to crack,
And ev'ry Fibre feels the general Rack:
The E Y E - S T R I N G S burst, the H E A D delirious grows
Sigh after Sigh, in painful Breathings flows.
Till, at the last, ev'n Sighs themselves grown weak,
Faint, as the Sounds of distant Vallies, break.

Senless

Unlless we lie, regarded now by none
Till the press'd Soul, with one collected Groan,
Flies upward to those **R E G I O N S** yet unknown.

Ah hapless **E V E**! who, by one heinous Fault,
On thy whole Race a Sea of Woes hast brought;
S I C K N E S S, and **S I N**, and **D E A T H** to thee we owe
The Source, from whence these bitter Waters flow:
Had not the tempting Fruit allur'd thy Taste,
In Health and Innocence our Lives had past.
And when a-while we here in Peace had rang'd
This Spot of Earth for Heav'n had only chang'd.
But now to Pains and Grief expos'd we lie;
This is the common Fate of all that die:
Except those **F E W**, for **F E W** alas! there are
Whom **H E A V' N** has mark'd by its peculiar Care,
The Blessing of an easy **D E A T H** to share.
Since then the most exalted pious State,
Cannot secure, or hope so mild a Fate;

Sure

Sure 'tis our Duty humbly to submit,
And welcome **DEATH** the way which **GOD** thinks fit.
What makes the great, and bright **DISTINCTION**, is,
A Life in Vertue led, or spent amiss.

When **DEATH** approaches **ONE**, whose Life is
Defil'd all o'er with crimson Stains of Sin;
What **FEARs**, may we suppose, will **HIM** surprize?
Unless, like **BRUTES**, stupid and fierce he dies.
Without Remorse, or Shame of Actions past,
Or Sense of Torments which shall ever last.
But if his **CONSCIENCE**, which till now has slept
In soft Amusements lull'd, and quiet kept;
Affrighted wakens, and stares wildly round,
Like a rous'd **LION**, whom the Hunters wound,
What sad Reflections must his Soul confound?
Infernal **SPIRITS** o'er his **FANCY** play,
And a long Scroll of Sins before him lay.

C

For

(10)
For JUDGMENT fierce they call, and long to chase
Th' unwilling SOUL from her MATE's close Embrace.
And 'cause he justly fears, he seems to feel
The GRIPES of DEVILS, and the PAINS of HELL.
In vain he strives to pray; for black Despair
Like a dark Cloud, beats down his fruitless Prayer.
In vain he looks for Pity; there is none
Will Pity shew, or for his Sins atone,
To him the BLOOD OF CHRIST is useless grown.
And now he wants an ANGEL for his Guide,
His Fears swell high, and all his Hopes subside.
Amaz'd, towards HEAV'N, his baleful Eyes he rears,
Where to his Thoughts an angry GOD appears.
Sense of PAST GUILT, and Dread of FUTURE PAIN,
Combine by turns to wound his tortur'd Brain.

Fain would the SOUL within the Body stay,
What would SHE give for one short Hour's Delay,
SHE, that whole MONTHS and YEARS has thrown away.

Could

Could SHE again her ill-spent Life live o'er,
 How pious would SHE be! how GOD adore!
 But 'tis too late, the DAY OF GRACE is past,
 And VENGEANCE hurries on with Lightning's Haste;
 On all sides thus beset, SHE looks around,
 And seeks for HELP; no HELP is to be found.
 Forlorn and hopeless, thus her Passion breaks
 In moving Terms; whilst to her Eyes she speaks.
 Ye noblest ORGANS of the Sense, my EYES,
 Too long inur'd to Worldly Vanities;
 How piercing and quick-sighted have ye been
 To search and find out tempting SCENES of Sin?
 How oft with lustful and adult'rous Fires
 Have thy ORBS shin'd, and glow'd with vile Desires?
 And can ye now no Glimpse of Comfort spy.
 Must I for ever thus tormented lie?
 Then towards the LIGHT their broken BALLS she turns;
 But sees no LIGHT, tho' clear the TAPER burns.

Finding no Comfort here; the SOUL prepares
 In moving Language to harangue the Ears.
 O EARS, cries she, whom MUSICK's powerful Charm,
 With sprightly Airs was wont to please, and warm;
 Can you no Tydings of SALVATION hear?
 To sooth my Sorrows, and dispel my Fear.
 Yet how should you for me such News procure,
 Who never could the GOSPEL's Sound endure?
 Next to the TONGUE, she intimates her Grief,
 Alas! that Member yields her no Relief.
 How can the Tongue, to Oaths and Lewdness us'd,
 Which has for many Years its Pow'r abus'd;
 In any gracious Form of Speech declare
 Ought that can mitigate, or heal Despair.
 O wicked Instrument of Hell! SHE cries,
 Loaded with Guilt, and big with Perjuries;
 Where are thy noisy, and high-sounding Words?
 Thy wonted BOASTING now no Aid affords.

Where

Where are thy **TROPES** and **WITTY TURNS** of Sense?
 Canst thou not say one Word in my Defence?
 Speechless and stiff the prattling **ENGINE** lies,
 Which once was moving, eloquent, and wise.
 Nor can it call for Drink, or bid a Friend
 To clear the choaking Streams that upwards tend.
 Not finding here the Help she thought to meet,
 In Words like these the **SOUL** accosts her Feet:
 Ye nimble **FEET** that us'd to form the Dance,
 And o'er the Plain, swift as the Winds, advance.
 Can you not bear me to some secret Hole,
 Where I might hide my Shame, accursed **SOUL**!
 A lazy Numness o'er the Sinews spread,
 Chains, and confines them closely to the Bed.
 As **WOE INTENSE** the trembling **SOUL** affects,
 This fruitless **SPEECH** she to her **HANDS** directs:
 O **HANDS**! which once with Strength and Skill were crown'd,
 And have for **FEATS OF ARMS** been long renown'd,

How

How oft' involv'd in Clouds of FIRE and SMOAK,
 Through firm BATTALIONS have YE fiercely broke?
 And can ye not with all your MARTIAL Art,
 Prevent grim DEATH from seizing on my Heart?
 Alas! the Hands trembling and useless lie,
 Nor ev'n with CORDIALS can the Mouth supply,

In this abandon'd and distressed State,
 The SOUL fights deeply; and thus mourns her Fate.
 Ah damn'd Wretch! the HEIR of Wrath and Shame,
 Curs'd be the Hour that from the Womb I came;
 O let the FATAL Day that I was born,
 Be from the circling Year for ever torn!
 Let pitchy Clouds and Darkness veil the Night,
 And not one PLANET lend its feeble Light.
 O that my Mother's WOMB my Grave had been!
 E'er I this mournful Close of Life had seen.
 How are the Snares of DEATH around me set,
 Like a rash Bird caught in the Fowler's Net?

How

How do the Waves of BELIAL me surround?
 How do the Stings of SIN my CONSCIENCE wound?
 What does my WEALTH and POMP avail me now,
 The flatt'ring Speeches, or the cringing Bow
 Of fawning SYCOPHANTS, that every Day
 Crowded my LEVEE, and choak'd up my way?
 Have I, with Shew of JUSTICE, many Years
 The ORPHAN wrong'd, and drank the WIDOW's Tears.
 Have I for this in Ease and Splendour liv'd,
 My COUNTRY robb'd, and by their RUIN thriv'd?
 Have I so long rul'd KINGDOMS with a Nod,
 And HONOUR's slipp'ry Top with GLORY trod;
 And must at last of Fiends become the Scorn?
 O dismal Thought! too pointed to be born.
 What are all Titles, Riches, Posts of Trust,
 To me who now am hast'ning to the Dust?
 What will this PALACE, rais'd with vast Expence,
 And richly furnish'd at a Cost immense,

Profit

Profit me then, when in the GRAVE I'm laid,
 And o'er my Head the SEXTON shakes his Spade.
 Yet I for these vain, transitory Things,
 Forgot to serve the Mighty KING OF KINGS.
 Still thought the Notion of ETERNAL Pain
 The meer Chimera of some fearful Brain.
 The BURNING LAKE, and WORM that never dies,
 Imagin'd to be CHEATS and useful LIES.
 Laugh'd at RELIGION, and no GOD believ'd,
 And thus my self have fatally deceiv'd :
 For O! there is a BEING who all commands,
 And fearful 'tis to fall into his Hands.
 Ev'n now the TERRORS of his Wrath I feel,
 His SHAFTS drink up my Spirits, and pierce like Steel.
 Millions of Years o'er burning Coals I'd lie,
 Would that appease the angry Deity.
 But 'tis in vain ; the DOOR OF MERCY's clos'd,
 And I to endless Woes must be expos'd.

Come,

Come, DEVILS, come, and bear me to your Cell,
Where rolling Flames, and grisly Horrors dwell?

Thus dies the MISCREANT ; and so (a) *Spira* fell,
A mournful Victim to the Rage of Hell.
Intomb'd in Pomp, his putrid Body sleeps,
Whilst the sad SOUL in TORMENTS ever weeps.
For when THE WICKED hence depart, they're born
To that dire Place, where Cursed SPIRITS mourn ;
Where plung'd in Darknefs, and bound fast in Chains,
They lie, expecting far more dreadful Pains ;
Which at the last TREMENDOUS DAY will be
The full Completion of their Misery :
When from the DUNGEONS, where they lay confin'd,
They shall be dragg'd, and to their Bodies join'd.

D

With

(a) *Francis Spira* was a learned Civilian in *Italy* ; who upon his publick Abjuration of the *Lutheran* Religion, A. D. 1548, contrary to his Conscience, through Fear and worldly Interest, fell into Despair, and died in a most dreadful Manner. See a Relation of the fearful Estate of *Francis Spira*, by *N. Bavin*, Esq; Printed A. D. 1678.

With what Amazement, Terror, Shame, and Pains, Come
 Shall wicked SOULS and BODIES meet again. Where rolling
 How will they Curse, once more to enter in,
 And animate those Members which have been }
 The loathsome Instruments of DEATH and SIN.
 As knowing well their RE-UNITED STATE,
 Fills up the MEASURE of their dol'rous Fate.
 What will the PROUD, the IMPIOUS, and the GREAT,
 Do at that Day? Ah whither then retreat!
 The private SINNER, and the formal SAINT,
 Who us'd Religion only as a Paint,
 To shade their Actions from the Sight of Men;
 How frightened will they look! How tremble then!
 How will ambitious Monarchs shake with Dread,
 Who, by VAIN-GLORY and false HONOUR led, }
 Have Fire, and Sword, and Desolation spread.
 How will the ATHEIST, who with harden'd Pride,
 Dares Heav'n blaspheme, and all its Bolts deride?

Confounded

Confounded stand, and trembling, loudly own,
That **AWFUL BEING** he would fain dethrone.
In vain to Rocks and Mountains will they call,
To crush, and hide them with their pond'rous Fall.
Nothing can skreen them from **GOD's** searching Eye,
To whom their secret Crimes will open lie;
But all Things round 'em loud for Vengeance cry.
High in the Air their awful **JUDGE** appears,
His mighty Arm **VINDICTIVE JUSTICE** bears.
Before his Face a fiery Torrent rolls,
Fierce Lightning darts, and Thunder rends the Poles.
Mov'd at his **WRATH**, the **EARTH's** Foundations shake;
The **HEAV'NS** themselves their wonted Place forsake,
The **GRAVES** are open'd, and the **DEAD** awake.
Before the **JUDGMENT-SEAT** the Wicked stand,
Enclos'd with Sins, and Hell's accusing Band :
Will a Reflection on their past Delights,
Their smiling Days, and their luxurious Nights ;

Afford them Ease, or mitigate their Doom?
Which to their Ears in these harsh Terms will come.
Go hence, YE CURSED, as your just Reward,
Into Eternal Fire, for Devils prepar'd;
Where, full of Anguish, they shall howling lie,
In Woes IMMORTAL, wishing still to die.
For if with Passions unsubdu'd we leave
This Mortal *Life*, still to our *Souls* they cleave.
With parching Drought THE DRUNKARD shall be curs'd,
Still wanting flowing Bowls to quench his Thirst.
In lustful Fires TH' UNCLEAN shall fiercely burn,
And for the Loss of sensual Pleasures mourn.
The sordid MISER, and the ENVIOUS MIND,
With ev'ry Sinner for this State design'd,
Shall Torments suited to their Vices, ever find.
For ever! O the horrid, shocking Sound,
With dismal Ecchoes does the Fancy wound.

The useleſs Quill drops from my trembling Hand,
 And all the Pow'rs of Life affrighted ſtand.
 Methinks, I ſee this **GLOBE** One **BALL** of Fire,
 Rais'd by the Breath of **GOD**'s avenging Ire!
 Methinks, I hear the Cries, the Shrieks and Groans
 Of yelling **SPIRITS**, and **INFERNAL** Moans.
 Stop here, my **MUSE**; for O! no Words can tell,
 Or Thought conceive, the various Pains of **HELL**.

Ye **GREAT** and **RICH**! the Crown of (a) **ALBION**'s Iſle,
 On whom indulgent Heav'n vouchſafes to ſmile;
 Who live as if there was no World but this,
 No Expectation of a future **Blis**;
 Who only **Grandeur**'s dazling **Blaze** admire,
 But never raiſe your ſenſual **Notions** higher:
 Believe me, on your **DEATH-BEDS** you will find
 From all your **Pleasures** paſt, no **Peace** of **Mind**;

For

(a) *England.*

For then you'll loath them, and to you they'll seem
 Like empty Shadows, or a Morning Dream.
 Your PLAYS, your OPERA's, and (b) PRIAPIAN FEAST,
 Where muffled Lewdness is the Nightly Guest,
 Will end in Grief, and Bitterness of Heart,
 In present Pangs, if not Eternal Smart.
 Fly then those filthy Scenes of FOREIGN Vice,
 Loss of a Soul for Mirth's to high a Price!
 So heedless Insects sport with shining Flame,
 Pleas'd with its Light ; yet perish in the same.
 In SOUNDS, and SHEWS, profuse is your Expende ;
 But THE DISTRESS'D ne'er feel its Influence.
 Them unreliev'd you suffer to despair ;
 While LATIAN SONGSTERS all your Bounty share.
 For this Abuse of Wealth you'll dearly pay,
 And sorely weep at the Great RECK'NING Day.

Precarious

(b) Masquerades.

Precarious are your Triumphs, short your Joys,
 And DEATH at once your tow'ring Hopes destroys.
 Take here your Fill then ; for beyond the Grave,
 Sad is the Portion you are like to have ;
 'Till from the flow'ry Road of Sin you turn,
 And for your Follies past, sincerely mourn.
 What tho' in stately FABRICKS you reside,
 Are serv'd in PLATE, and in soft BERLINS ride ?
 What tho' in GEMS, and splendid ROBES you shine,
 And ev'ry Day at sumptuous TABLES Dine ?
 What tho' you ransack Seas, and Lands, and Skies,
 For fresh Recruits of costly Rarities ?
 Yet when this gaudy Round of Life is past,
 You fall to Dust and Worms a Prey at last ;
 Let this abate your PRIDE, and dainty Taste.

Ah why should DUST and ASHES proud appear !
 And such egregious Marks of Folly bear.

Would

Would we but calmly think from whence we came,
 'Twou'd check our HAUGHTINESS, and damp its Flame,
 And spread our glowing Cheeks with conscious Shame.
 Are we not all form'd in the teeming Womb,
 E'er on this Theatre of Life we come.
 Where clos'd in vile OBSCURITY we lay,
 Nine tedious Moons, 'till thence we broke away.
 Why boast we then of Titles, Names, or Birth?
 Had we not All One common Parent, EARTH?
 And where, at last, end all our Pomp and Mirth:
 Are not the greatest KINGS whom Crowns adorn,
 As the wild Ass's filly Off-spring born?
 Why then do we the POOR with Scorn behold.
 Since All are made of the same brittle Mould.

Why do we place in RICHES all our Stay,
 Wings they assume, and fly towards Heav'n away.

Why

This Truth deluded **WORLDINGS** lately knew,
 When **FAIRY** Treasures by Enchantment grew,
 And with a painted Prospect mock'd th' insatiate View.
 Destructive Scheme ! Thou Bane to circling Trade !
 How many weeping Wretches hast thou made ?
 How many desperate Souls by thee undone,
 Have to Eternal Ruin head-long run ?
 But hush, lest **BRITAIN'S** Grief should catch the Sound,
 And Blood stream fresh from her unclosed Wound.

Yet say, ye **MUCK-WORMS**, were your Coffers fraught
 With all the Wealth from both th' **INDIES** brought,
 Would it One Moment stop the destin'd Hour,
 Or with its Lustre bribe **DEATH'S** flinty Pow'r.
 Swift and uncertain is the Stroak of Fate,
 And Life itself is but a Vapour's State.
 How soon the **BUBBLE** may dissolve and break,
 No Human Wisdom can pretend to speak.

Ev'n in an Instant we may hence be born,
 Like Trees which from their Roots by Storms are torn.
 This mournful Tale (a) PALERMO's Ruins tell,
 Where, on a sudden, many Thousands fell.
 But O! the Power of Numbers is too faint,
 The Consternation of that Night to paint;
 When in the Streets the fierce VOLCANO's broke,
 With dreadful Noises, and thick Clouds of Smoak.
 In vain from tumbling Roofs the NATIVES fly;
 Caught in the Openings of the Earth, they lie,
 And drench'd in Floods of Liquid Sulphur die.
 So when the World immerg'd in Vileness lay,
 The pouring Deluge swept Mankind away.
 So in a hasty, and unlook'd for Hour,
 The SON OF MAN shall flaming Vengeance pour;
 On Those who disobey the GOSPEL's Pow'r.

(a) See the printed Papers, October 5, A. D. 1726. which give an Account of the terrible Earthquake that lately happen'd at Palermo in Sicily.

O ! that the careless Sinners of the Age
 Whom Pleasures gilded Baits too far engage,
 Would from this dreadful Havock Wisdom learn,
 And their CREATOR's mighty Arm discern ;
 Who can, with Thunder from his Treasures hurl'd,
 To Atoms, in a Moment, shake the World.
 O that they would by it due Warning take !
 And all the crooked Ways of Vice forsake,
 Lest HEAV'N, incens'd, impetuous Ruin spread,
 And with avenging JUDGMENTS strike 'em dead.

Suppose we saw, ev'n in our gayest Air,
 A naked Sword hang downwards by a Hair,
 Just o'er our Heads ; would it not damp our Joy,
 And ev'ry pleasing Hint at once destroy ?
 Sure then the Thoughts of DEATH would do the same,
 And all rebellious Motions quickly tame ;

Were they as deep imprinted in the Mind
 As loose Ones are, which free Admittance find.
 And since we are but Pilgrims here below,
 We always should expect the Final Blow.
 Arm'd with his Scith, the cruel MOWER stands,
 Which dreadfully he wields with restless Hands.
 No Age, nor Sex, his sweeping Fury spares,
 In ev'ry Season he employ'd appears,
 And ev'ry Month for him a plenteous HARVEST bears.
 The Summer with its SIRIAN Heat annoys,
 And Winter with its Cold our Health destroys.
 The sickly Autumn, and the blooming Spring,
 A murd'ring Train of foul Diseases bring.
 In vain the Tim'rous fly, in vain They fear,
 Since DEATH in Ambuscade lies ev'ry where.
 And move, which Way soe'er we will, our Feet,
 In various Shapes, like PROTEUS, him we meet.

Ev'n in the midst of Life, in Death we are,
 And Shades around our brightest Noon appear.
 How circumspectly ought we then to tread
 A PATH where Dangers are so thickly spread ?
 Where a wrong Course, if not in Time redrest,
 Will surely lead us from Eternal Rest.
 Let us not sooth our selves, and be deceiv'd,
 That a bad State can be, at last, retriev'd.
 A late REPENTANCE is a cheating Deed ;
 Who trusts to that, leans on a broken Reed.
 As we have sinn'd in Body and in Soul,
 Nought but a Change in both, can make us whole.
 What can a Mind with dreadful Fears alarm'd,
 And a sick Body of its Strength disarm'd,
 In the last gloomy Hours of Sorrow do ?
 Or how CONVERSION's knotty Task pursue ?
 O ! 'Tis a mighty Work, a Work of Length,
 And does require our utmost Pains and Strength.

Sooner

Sooner an **AFRICAN** may change his Skin,
 Than Sinners, in a Moment, cease to Sin.
 As by degrees our **SPIRITUAL SICKNESS** grew,
 So the same Way we must our Health renew.
 'Tis not a few warm Tears in Anguish shed,
 As we lie gasping on our Dying-Bed,
 Tho' join'd to Sighs, and many a dismal Groan,
 Will for a vile, or careless Life atone.
 For if the **RIGHTEOUS** scarce themselves can save,
 Vain are the Hopes that dying **SINNERS** have.

Since then the Death-Bed Hopes of Sinners stand
 On no Foundation, but are built in Sand ;
 'Tis sure our Int'rest not to use Delay,
 Nor put Repentance off from Day to Day ;
 But to return to **GOD**, before He brings
 The Day of Sorrow on its gloomy Wings.

Before

Before our stumbling Feet the Mountains tread,
 Whose mournful Tops are with thick Darkness spread.
 E'er, while we look for Light, DEATH's gloomy Cloud,
 Does with a shadowing Veil its Brightness shroud.
 Then we may triumph when our End draws nigh,
 And without Fear the unknown Passage try,
 Which leads to endless JOY, or endless MISERY.

, YOU that in BEAUTY's Lustre glory most,
 Reflect how soon that transient Gift is lost.
 Behold a ROSE sprung from its opening Bed,
 With pearly Dew around its fragrant Head :
 See what a blooming Hue the Leaves display !
 How sweet its Odours ! And its Looks how gay !
 But when the Ev'ning streaks the Sky with Shades.
 The beauteous Flow'r languishes and fades.
 Ev'n so the GLORIES of the finest Face,
 By Time, and Sicknes, lose their killing Grace.

Think

Think then, YE FAIR, whose youthful Cheeks disclose
 The Snowy Lilly, and this blushing ROSE;
 Who, at the TOILET, waste each rolling Morn,
 And with BRUSSELIAN Lace your Charms adorn;
 How wan, and unattractive they'll appear,
 When sadly dress'd in all their Funeral Geer:
 And let this View those Gaieties allay,
 That stain the Mind, and steal your Hours away.

— Mad Sons of BACCHUS! Votaries of the Vine,
 Who drown GOD's Images in Flouds of Wine:
 Say, if, amidst your Feasts, with Riot crown'd,
 When the charg'd BUMPER walks the giddy Round,
 You saw a Hand mix Poison in the Glass;
 Would you receive, or let it downwards pass?
 Consider then a-while, and calmly think
 How many Deaths at one Debauch you drink,
 Which pave the Way to HELL's descending Brink.

This

This, surely, would allay intemperate Mirth,
 And give, to sober Pleasures, sudden Birth.
 How many Murders have been done in Wine ?
 At which the Authors, tho' too late, repine.
 How many Warriors have by Wine been slain,
 Who 'scaped the Dangers of th' imbattled Plain ?
 GREECE'S fam'd HERO, that illustrious Man,
 Whose conqu'ring Arms the PERSIAN Realms o'er-ran ;
 After so many Toils, and Dangers run,
 So many Battles fought, and bravely won,
 Was, by excessive Drinking, in the End undone.
 No longer, therefore, glory in your Shame,
 Nor by carousing strive to gain a Name.
 For when those JOVIAL Hours of Mirth are past,
 And DEATH, in all its Terrors, comes at last ;
 When you begin to cast up your Accounts,
 And see to what a Heap that Sin amounts ;

In fruitless Tears your Folly you'll lament,
And curse the Time that was so sadly spent.

Ye modish SPARKS, whom Wine and Vigour warm,
Who doat too much on Beauty's fading Charm;
And with unbounded Freedom wildly rove
Through all th' Inclosures of forbidden Love.
Whene'er the Flames of lawless Passion rise
Within your Breasts, and sparkle thro' your Eyes,
To the next FUNERAL Vault by Night repair,
And take a View of all the Horrors there.
Mark how the Walls a noisom Damp distill,
And Bones and Sculls the dark Apartments fill.
Inspect some Coffin, which, perhaps, contains,
Of an admir'd TOAST, the sad Remains;
The shining Idol, once, of BRITISH Swains.
See what a loathsom Change by DEATH is made!
And then let chaster Thoughts your Minds invade.

Think

Think that **THE FAIR**, for whom you fiercely burn,
 Bright as they are, must to Corruption turn.
 By this Device an (a) **HERMIT**, heretofore,
 A Passion cur'd whose Fury long he bore;
 Which neither Fasting, Prayers, nor Tears could tame,
 Nor yet the Death of the bewitching Dame.
 And this, if duly weigh'd, and well apply'd,
 Would cool your Pleasures in the warmest Tide.
 Ev'n theirs, whose Breasts glow with Infernal Flame,
 Incarnate Devils! **BRITAIN'S** monst'rous Shame,
 Who acts such **DEEDS** as Nature dreads to Name.
 Soon put a Stop to all your loose Desires,
 Your amorous Follies, and fantastick Fires,
 Which, like the glaring Vapours of the Night,
 Misguide your wand'ring Steps, and cheats your Sight;

(a) So passionately fond was he of his Mistress, that he stole secretly to the Vault where she lay buried, and with the Skirt of his Mantle wiping the Moisture from her dead Body, at the Return of his Temptation, still laid it before him; saying, *Behold, this is the Beauty of the Woman thou didst so much admire.* Dr. Taylor's *Holy Dying*, Chap. 11. Sect. 1. Page 38.

And, in the End, will cause, as Millions find,
 A rotten Carcass, and a restless Mind.
 Behold the pleasant Fruit that Lewdness bears!
 The glorious Harvest of your wanton Years!
 But would you happy live, and wish to have
 A peaceful DEATH-BED, and a quiet GRAVE,
 From all polluting Joys with Care abstain,
 For none that are IMPURE such Blessings gain.

Ye pious SOULS, warm with SERAPHICK Love,
 Whose Conversation is in Heav'n above;
 Who, thither on the Wings of Prayer ascend,
 And can, well pleas'd, think on your latter End;
 Approach with Joy; while I my Theme pursue,
 And draw the DYING-SAINT to charm your View.

Whene'er a Christian dies, whose Feet have trod
 The strait and thorny WAY that leads to GOD;

Or

Or one, who by Repentance timely given,
 Has added Joy to the BRIGHT Host of Heav'n;
 To him the hideous Phantom DEATH, appears
 Fairer than Beauty in its blooming Years.
 For, O! thy Strength, RELIGION, can disarm
 The KING of TERRORS of his Pow'r to harm.
 In Sin alone lies all his poisonous Sting,
 Pluck but that out, and Death's a harmless Thing;
 Nay more, desirable, and full of Gain,
 The balmy Cure of ev'ry raging Pain.
 Hither the Poor, the Pris'ner, and Forlorn,
 With grinding Want, and hard Oppression torn,
 Fly for Relief; and gently laying down
 Their Load of Cares, exchange it for a Crown;
 A never-fading CROWN, which GOD will give
 To all who here on Earth uprightly live.
 And while THE WICKED, like the filthy Swine,
 With Noise and Strugglings at its Stroke repine;

THE RIGHTEOUS Man in Peace resigns his **LIFE**,
 Calm as a Lamb beneath the slaught'ring Knife,
 But should some sharp Disease his Frame assail,
 And He perceive his sinking Spirits to fail;
 The mighty Suff'rings of his gracious **LORD**,
 A strength'ning Cordial to his Thoughts afford;
 Which to **GETHEMANE** directly fly,
 Where, inwardly, He sees Him prostrate lie.
 Beholds his Sorrows, Fears, and **BLOODY** Sweat,
 And his whole **PASSION** in that sad Retreat.
 Thence closely follows him through ev'ry Stage
 Of **GENTILE** Cruelty, and **JEWISH** Rage:
 'Till, at the last, nail'd to the cursed **TREE**,
 He views him dying in an Agony.
 Rowz'd with this Sight, fresh Vigour he regains,
 And firmly bears the most tormenting Pains.
 So when imbattled Troops begin to yield,
 Faint with the Havock of the sanguine Field;

If their brave CHIEF, by his Example chears
 Their drooping Courage, and dispels their Fears,
 With MARTIAL Fire their glowing Bosoms burn,
 And boldly to the Charge again they turn.
 What tho' He knows his Earthly House of Clay
 Shall be dissolv'd, and mould'ring waste away ;
 Another He expects, not made with Hands,
 Which in the HEAV'NS bright and Eternal stands,
 'Twas this Belief made tortur'd (a) LAURENCE smile,
 Embrace the Gridir'n, and in Transports broil.
 And with this Charm the MARTYR'D-ARMY fir'd,
 Cheerful amidst surrounding Flames expir'd.
 Well He's assur'd that his REDEEMER reigns
 Triumphant, after all his bitter Pains ;
 And tho' the Worms his outward Form devour,
 Yet, full of Certainty, He waits the Hour,

(a) St. Laurence was a Deacon of the Church, and one of the primitive Martyrs.

When, at the **LATTER DAY**, with his own Eyes
 He shall behold him coming in the Skies;
 With **REGAL POW'r**, and **TRIPPLE** Glory crown'd,
 To cheer the **FAITHFUL**, and his **FOES** confound.
 This dazzling Prospect ev'ry Anguish charms,
 In Fevers cools him, and in Agues warms,
 And with **HEROIC** Fortitude his Spirits arms. }
 Therefore, tho' Storms beat hard upon his Roof,
 The Mind within, against their Force is Proof.
 For Bands of **ANGELS** wait around his Bed,
 And with their streaming Ensigns o'er Him spread,
 Drive thence the Devils; whose malicious Pow'rs
 Would fain disturb him in his dying Hours.
 As in his Strength and Health he bravely fought,
 And o'er the **TEMPTER** many Conquests got;
 So now those **HEAV'NLY** Ministers take Care
 To aid his Weakness, and prevent his Fear.

The SPIRIT OF GOD, who with deep Groans and Cries,
Obtain'd his Pardon; the SOUL with Strength supplies.

Fearless of Guilt, his CONSCIENCE stands upright,

And owns the GLORY of Eternal Might ;

Whilst through the Cloud of Sickness Joy shines bright.

Then ev'ry Sigh, and ev'ry Groan will be

Melodious Musick, tuneful Harmony.

The slow Consumption, or the glowing Pain

Of Hectick Fires, that spreads thro' ev'ry Vein ;

Does only from its Bonds the SOUL untie,

And make her ready for her Flight on high.

Here the past Actions of a Life well spent,

Rise in his Mind, and fill it with Content.

His Prayers, his Alms, and penitential Tears,

The hoarded Treasure of his pious Years,

With sweet Remembrance dissipate his Fears.

Pleas'd, He reflects upon those struggling Hours,

In which he vanquish'd HELL, and all its Pow'rs ;

In which, with **CHRISTIAN** Courage, he withstood
 The soft alluring Charms of Flesh and Blood.
 But now his Warfare's done ; his Race is o'er,
 What is to come is only Bliss in Store ;
 Approaching Joy, which, full of Hopes, He feels,
 And which, in Visions, sometimes, Heav'n reveals :
 For soon as **DEATH** unbars the Prison-Gate,
 Out steps the **SOUL** into the Sep'rate State ;
 Where Spirits dwell, of various Ranks and Forms,
 Some, frightful Shapes ; and some, whose Beauty warms ;
 Bright **MINISTRING SPIRITS** ; who, with watchful Care,
 Preside o'er those that **HEIRS** of **GLORY** are.
 Where being arriv'd ; These, pleas'd and singing, meet,
 And, with Rejoicings, the blest Stranger greet.
 About Her Crowds of ugly **DEMONS** swarm,
 In Will malignant, but want Pow'r to harm.
 Fain would They lead her to their Cells of Woe,
 But her Bright **GUARDIAN** will not let her go.

Here

Here glorious Objects that She never saw,
 Before her Sight the pompous Landskip draw.
 For when we cease to see with Mortal Eyes,
 Amazing Wonders to the Spiritual rise ;
 Wonders, which GOD's Omnipotence declare,
 Tho' from our present View conceal'd they are.
 And now, transported and amaz'd, She hears
 CELESTIAL Sounds, unheard by Mortal Ears.
 Here vile calumnious Arts the DEVILS use,
 And of repented Sins the SOUL accuse.
 But as the ANGELS still remark the Day
 When they rejoic'd those Sins were wash'd away ;
 So on they bear her forward to her LORD,
 Secure, and dauntless, in his gracious Word.
 Now grin the DEVILS, mad with wild Despair,
 To see the spotless SOUL so wond'rous fair ;
 Confounded and asham'd, They hold their Peace,
 And their false Accusations straightway cease.

At last, the SOUL, in Triumph and with Scorn,
 Beholds the DEVILS; and thro' their Realms is born
 Along the spangled EMPYREAN Road,
 By ANGELS safely to their bright Abode;
 Where She shall rest in Peace and Joys profound,
 'Till the last TRUMPET with its ecchoing Sound,
 Waken THE DEAD, and raise 'em from the Ground.
 'Till the ELECT in glorious Bodies rise,
 And swift, as soaring Eagles, mount the Skies.
 Then with the LAMB and Heaven's Immortal KING,
 She shall for ever HALLELUJAHs sing.

And now the SOUL from all her Fears releas'd,
 And with a Fulness of Perfection blest;
 Cloath'd in some (a) Vehicle, as with a Robe,
 Looks down, perhaps, on this Terrestrial Globe,

(a) According to the *imaginary* Doctrine and Opinion of some, there are Three Sorts of *Vehicles*—Terrestrial, Aërial, and Ætherial; One of these, they believe, every *Soul*, immediately after its Departure from the Body, takes up; and in which it subsists 'till the *Resurrection*. See the learned Dr. More's *Immortality of the Soul*. B. I. C. 3.

The Stage of Sorrow, Guilt, and Miseries ;
 (So it must seem to her enlighten'd Eyes.)
 Wond'ring that e'er its Pag'antry could charm
 Her easy Will, and her Affections warm ;
 And pitying Mortals, who for gilded Toys,
 Lose STARRY Crowns, and slight IMMORTAL Joys.
 But O ! what Raptures will the Soul surprise ?
 When round the HEAV'N OF HEAV'NS she casts her Eyes,
 And wond'ring sees unnumbered Glories rise.
 Array'd with Light, on a Refulgent Throne,
 Sits, like a JASPER, the Great THREE-IN-ONE.
 Round it, a RAIN-BOW like an Em'rald, shines,
 Whose dazzling Lustre almost SERAPHS blinds :
 On either Side Myriads of Angels stand
 Ready to execute their LORD's Command.
 Four Winged CHERUBS full of Eyes all o'er,
 With Praise incessant, GOD and CHRIST adore.

Before

Before the Throne, their Crowns the **ELDERS** cast;
And all their Time in Adoration waste.

Prophets, Apostles, Confessors, and those
Who, for **RELIGION**, Death in Torments chose,
With a distinguish'd **RAY OF GLORY** shine,
Tho' ev'ry Saint's adorn'd with Wreaths Divine.

No Sun nor Moon their useles Lights display,
GOD'S Glorious Face makes there Eternal Day.

No Tears, no Pain, no Sorrow, no Despair,
E'er break the Quiet of a Place so fair,
But Joy, and Peace, and Love, are ever there.

In swelling Streams perpetual Pleasures flow,
Too great for Words, or Mortals yet to know.

For, O! no Eye has seen, nor Ear has heard,
Nor Thought conceiv'd, what infinite **REWARD**,
s, for those Souls that love their **GOD**, prepar'd.

Fir'd with this View of Heav'n, in Thought I soar
Aloft ; and seem on Earth to dwell no more.
Like the First MARTYR, I, methinks, behold
God's Glory, which the opening SKIES unfold.
Enthron'd, in ROYAL State, at his Right Hand,
Methinks, I see our Blessed SAVIOUR stand.
Look ! How his WOUNDS, like glitt'ring STARS appear,
O for ELIJAH's Chariot ! that might bear
My Soul and Body ; to his radiant Sphere.

What Pity 'tis we cannot long sustain
The pleasing Transports of a pious Brain.
Scarce can we cast a Look towards Heav'nly Things,
But down to Earth some Thought the Prospect brings.

O SWEET REDEEMER ! Who, to save Mankind,
(Thy Throne of Glory being a-while resign'd)

Didst on the Cross vouchsafe thy **BLOOD** to shed,
 As an Atonement for the **QUICK**, and **DEAD**;
 Assist my Weakness, and assuage my Pains
 At my last Hour, when Death triumphant reigns,
 With cheering Dreams my anxious Mind compose,
 And shield me from the Rage of Spiritual Foes,
 And Thou **BRIGHT SPIRIT** of Purity, and Love
 Who once descendest on Him, like a **DOVE**;
 Grant, that inlighten'd by thy **BEAMY** Ray,
 Whilst in this dismal Vale of Tears I stray;
 My **SOUL**, when freed by **DEATH**, may take her Flight
 To the pure Regions of unclouded **LIGHT**;
 Where with the **FATHER**, and the **SON** divine,
 Thou dost, in **GLORY-EVERLASTING**, shine.

F I N I S.



ERRATA.

PAGE 14, Line 9, for *damn'd* read *damned*. Page 26, Line 13,
for *pour* read *shower*. Page 47, Line 14, for *Minkind* read *Mankind*.

ERRATA

PAGE 14, Line 9, for "harm's" read "harm's" Page 26, Line 13
for "our read" above Page 47, Line 14, for "at" read "at"